

*The Historie of*

some liking, I shall be out of heart shortly, & then I shall haue no strength to repent. And I haue not forgotten what the inside of a Church is made of, I am a Peppercorne, a Brewers horse, the inside of a Church. Company, villanous company hath been the spoyle of me.

*Bar.* *Sir Iohn*, you are so fretfull, you can not liue long.

*Fal.* Why there is it; come, sing me a bawdy Song, make me merry: I was as vertuously giuen, as a Gentleman need to be, vertuous enough, swore little, dic'd not aboue seven times a weeke, went to a Bawdy house not aboue once in a quarter of an houre, paide money that I borrowed three or foure times, liued well, and in good compasse: and now I liue out of all order, out of compasse.

*Bar.* Why, you are so fatte, *Sir Iohn*, that you must needes be out of all compasse: out of all reasonable compasse, *Sir Iohn*.

*Fal.* Do thou amend thy face; & Ile amend my life: thou art our Admiall, thou bearest the Lanterne in the Poope, but 't is in the Nose of thee: thou art the Knight of the burning lampe.

*Bar.* Why, *Sir Iohn*, my face does you no harme.

*Fal.* No, Ile be sworne, I make as good vse of it, as many a man doth of a Deaths head, or a *memento mori*. I neuer see thy face, but I thinke vpon hell fire, and *Dines* that liued in Purple: for there he is in his Robes burning, burning. If thou wert any way giue to vertue, I would sweare by thy face: my oth should be, *By this fire that's Gods Angel*: But thou art altogether giuen ouer; and wert indeed, but for the light in thy face, the Sunne of vtter darknesse. When thou ranst vp *Gads-hill* in the night, to catch my Horse, if I did not thinke that thou hadst been an *ignis fatuus*, or a ball of Wild-fire there's no purchase in Money. O thou art a perpetuall Triumph, an euermourning Bone-fire-light, thou hast faued me a thousand Markes in Linkes and Torches, walking with thee in the night betwixt *Tauerne* and *Tauerne*: But the Sacke that thou hast drunke me, would haue bought me Lights as good cheape, as the dearest Chandeliers in *Europe*. I haue maintained that Salamander of yours, with fire, any time this two and thirtie yeares: God reward me for it.

*Bar.* Zloud, I would my face were in your belly.

*Fal.* God amercy, so should I be sure to be heart-burn'd.

How

*Henry the f*

How now, dame *Partlet* the Hen yet who pickt my Pocket?

*Hof.* Why *Sir Iohn*, what do you I keepe theeues in my house? I haue haz my husband, man by man, but the tigh of a haire was neuer lost.

*Fal.* Yclie Hostesse, *Bar dol* was and Ile be sworne my Pocket was man, goe.

*Hof.* Who I? I defie thee: Good mine owne house before.

*Fal.* Goeto, I know you well.

*Hof.* No, *Sir Iohn*, you do not know *Sir Iohn*, you owe me money *Sir Iohn* I tell to beguile me of it: I bought you backe.

*Fal.* *Doulas*, filthy *Doulas*: I knowers wines, they haue made *Boulas*.

*Hof.* Now at I am a true *Wom* you owe money heere besides, & drinkings, and money lent you, &

*Fal.* Hee had his part of it, let

*Hof.* Hee? alas he is poore, he

*Fal.* How; poore? looke vpon let them coine his Nose, let them a denyer: what, will you make a take mine case in mine Inne, but I haue lost a scale Ring of my *Gran*.

*Hof.* O Iesu, I haue heard the *Pr* oft, that that Ring was Copper.

*Fal.* How? the *Prince* is a Iacke were here, I would cudgel him li

*Enter the Prince marching, a playing on his Trunchion*

*Fal.* How now Lad, is the win Must we all march?

*Bar.* Yea, two and two; New

*Hof.* My Lord, I pray you hear

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